TOM THE BODICE MAKER.

To the Tune of *Bow! wow! wow!*

WHILE all was perfect peace at home, and no one dream't of harm, Sir,
Each enjoy'd his faith, his hearth, his work, his art, his wealth, his farm, Sir;
As the Devil wou'd hav't! in ſteps a reforming undertaker,
And who, plague on him! ſhou'd this be, but Tom the Bodice-maker!
Bow, wow, wow!
Fal lal de iddi diddi, bow, wow wow!

Jack Cade, compar'd to Tom, was a ſcurvy paltry planner,
And ſo was Wat the Tyler, and Ket, ſurnam'd the Tanner;
For dauntleſs, lawleſs leveller, ſure Tom had ne'er his fellow,
Since the ancient days of bold Robin Hood, or the upſtart Maſaniello!
Bow, wow, wow.

From moulding forms, and bolſt'ring ſhapes, he's turn'd to ſhaping laws, Sir,
To enlarge Old Engliſh freedom, and revive the good old cauſe, Sir;
With ſtore of Noncons at his beck, and many a politic raker
Who hourly rave, "Save us, ſweet Tom!—dear Tom the Bodice-maker!"
Bow, wow, wow!

Equality of ſtation is Heaven's peculiar gift, Sir,
And for Princes, Peers, and Paraſites, we'll ſet them all adrift, Sir!
Of Courtiers, Courts, and Mitred Heads, why all this ſenſeleſs pother?
Are not all Good Fellows, Brethren; and Peers to one another?
Bow, wow, wow.

New Lords with antique cuſtoms, they ſay, can ne'er agree, Sir;
With new one's then, my jovial ſouls! we'll fit them to a T, Sir;
And for the Conſtitution, leave me to brew and bake her,
For I'm a Dog at that rare game! ſays Tom the Bodice-maker.
Bow, wow, wow.

What an arrant ſhame that one ſhould wear a fortune in his coat, Sir!
That ſome ſhou'd roll in thouſands, and ſome not have a groat, Sir!
I'll parcel out their lands, my boys! tho' myſelf not worth an acre,
Or never more confide in Tom! brave Tom the Bodice-maker!
Bow, wow, wow.

Religion whilom was the cauſe that ſet mankind at odds, Sir;
Now lawleſs Liberty's the boon for which w'invoke the gods, Sir!
For grace and ſtrength t'exterminate the royal rout of Neros;
And in their tyrant-ſtead to plant a calender of heroes!
Bow, wow, wow.

Such as have hang'd, and fought, and bled, and brawl'd in Freedom's charter,
The hardy politic Painter John, and Ankerſtrom the martyr!
Whoſe deathleſs deeds and names our ſons ſhall ſing in lofty ſtrain-a
With thoſe of the renegado Paul Jones, and the run-away Tom Paine-a!
Bow, bow, wow!

Then charge your glaſſes high my hearts! while all mankind muſt wonder,
That Mites like us, ſhould rule o'er Men, awe-ſtriken with our thunder!
Now Treaſon ſtalks abroad, let's toaſt, "A glorious Revolution!
"Equality of Man and Means, and a bleſſed Conſtitution!
Bow, wow, wow!
Fal lal de iddi diddi, bow, wow, wow!